

Itching, Burning Eczema.
Was troubled with a painful skin eruption, and after all other remedies failed, the father writes: "Send me four more boxes of Tetterine for my little daughter. It does her more good than anything we ever tried. Yours, etc., Jas. S. Porter, Lynchburg, S. C." At druggists 50c. box, or postpaid by J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

Wireless Telegraphy for Lighthouses.
The French navy is said to be installing a new system of wireless telegraphy between the lighthouses along the French coast.

Nearly 25,000 residents of Minnesota shared in 1899 in the tree-planting bounty, receiving \$2.40 an acre.

Out in St. Joseph, Mo., a bounty of \$600 has been offered to the police for every highwayman that is killed.

"Proof of the Pudding Is in the Eating."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of people give the proof by telling of remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all other blood diseases and debility.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

English Octogenarians.

This seems an age of remarkable octogenarians. Louisa, duchess of Abercorn, who is in her eighty-seventh year, went recently to visit Lord and Lady Tankerville, her host being in his nineteenth year, says the London Telegraph. The duke of Richmond and Gordon, who is also the Duc d'Aubigny in France, is 81, and yet his favorite sport is fishing, and quite recently his grace hooked, played and landed a fine, strong salmon twenty pounds in weight. There is the Earl Fitz William, who recently entered his eighty-fifth year, and is still enjoying excellent health, and a keen rider to hounds, even if he no longer goes quite straight across the country. The duchess of Cleveland, who has entered her eighty-first year, is always to be seen at the great afternoon events of each London season. Lord and Lady Braybrooke, although both on the right side of 80, recently celebrated their silver wedding, and Mrs. Gladstone is another of the notable octogenarians of this century end.

For the Cure of Rickets.

Small baggies to hang about Children's necks, which are excellent both for the prevention and cure of Rickets, and to ease children in breeding of Teeth, are prepared by Mr. Edmund Buckworth and constantly to be had at Mr. Philip Clark's, Keeper of the Library in the Fleet, and nowhere else, at 5 shillings a baggie.—The Intelligencer, 1864.

Keeps My Hair Soft

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft and smooth. It quickly cured me of some kind of humor of the scalp. My mother used your Hair Vigor for some twenty years and liked it very much."—Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me., Jan. 4, '99.

Used Twenty Years

We do not know of any other hair preparation that has been used in one family for twenty years, do you?

But Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either.

You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling out, for keeping your scalp clean and healthy, and for making the hair grow rich and long.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Write the Doctor

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

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Containing Mr. Moody's best sermons, with 600 thrilling stories, incidents, personal experiences, etc., as told

By D. L. Moody

Illustrated with a complete history of his life by Rev. CHAS. F. GOSNELL, Pastor of Mr. Moody's Church for five years, and an introduction by Rev. LYMAN A. BUTLER, D. D.

Brand new, 600 pp., beautifully illustrated, 75¢, 1,000 more

AGENTS WANTED. Men and Women. Send for terms to

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain; Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain; Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue; Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue; Sometimes false as satan, sometimes as heaven true.

Only the same old story, but, oh, how the changes ring! Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king; Sometimes the warmest hand-clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife, Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passion rife; We dream it, write it, live it, this weird wild story of life.

—Boston Transcript.

A Belated Apology.

By Mary C. Hews.

Now you know I like you, Barbara! I've always liked you," stammered John Leighton, awkwardly, leaning against the kitchen window-sill, and looking in with a shy, embarrassed smile. "I've never seen my way clear to telling you so before—but—but—I've made the last payment on that old account this morning, Barbara! I can start fair after this."

The woman to whom he spoke stepped back, and returned a cooling flat-iron to the stove before she answered. Seen under favorable circumstances her face must have been an attractive one. To-day, however, her hair was twisted into a solid knot above the collar of an unbecoming brown calico; her eyes showed traces of tears, and the drooping corners of her mouth rendered her expression both stern and sorrowful.

"Yes, John, I know you've always liked me," she spoke in a hard, resolute tone, "just as I know that you like old Towser, and the horses and cows at home; and pleasant weather in haying time, and a good price for your apples in the fall. You're used to me, and you have a fashion of liking what you see around every day."

Her listener flushed hotly, opened his lips, then closed them again, as if he found it difficult to utter what was in his mind.

"I feel like telling you just once, John," went on the voice at the ironing-table, "how much you've cared for me in reality. It began when I was eighteen, you remember—with plenty of others to choose from. I was a pretty girl in those days, too, as there's no harm in saying now, when all the prettiness has faded." John Leighton's honest eyes rested upon her in astonishment, but he was bent upon her work. "You paid me lots of attention at first, but you never really said anything. I kept expecting that you would, through week after week, and month after month; and I set my whole heart upon you, John, fifteen years ago! It's a long time to be kept waiting upon uncertainties, isn't it? No; don't interrupt me! For at least half of those years I've wanted to have my say once. Now I'm going to."

"You needn't look at me so reproachfully, either. I understood all along that your mother had queer turns, and wasn't exactly right in her mind; and everybody said she was scared almost to death for fear you'd bring a wife home. But didn't you know you could trust me to wait, John—and hold to you steadily through it all?"

"What did you say? That was just it—you didn't want to stand between me and anything better? I showed so many signs of wanting anything better, didn't I?" She smothered a sudden sob—"and a girl has no pride to be hurt, of course, when folks keep asking her when it's to be, and she knows in her own heart that there is no 'it,' let alone the 'when.'"

She flung a handful of drops at random across the sleeves of a garment that she had been drying while she talked. Her cheeks were scarlet now, her eyes shining. You needn't look ashamed of me," she flashed out excitedly. "I know you're thinking I'm too bold to live, but I shouldn't be saying all this to you, John Leighton, if the house wasn't let and my trunks all packed to go out of it to-morrow. When this ironing's finished—and I've taken up a little root of myrtle from the burying-ground—I'm through here. Don't upset that flower-pot, John; there's no need of jumping round as if something had stung you, if I am."

"Barbara—aren't you forgetting about my brother, and the shame—?"

"What did that amount to, anyway?" It wasn't you that forged the check—besides, I never can see that it's any man's duty to put on every yoke that a whole family see fit to whittle out for him. You were foolish to let it go that 'twas your signature; six hundred dollars is a pretty big sum for a farmer to save up and pay out for somebody else, as you have. But I never cared so much for you in my life as I did the night you told me about it—and when you got through the telling you took up your hat and went home without so much as a goodbye."

The man who stood outside the window had bowed his head. More than one thread of silver gleamed in his hair as the sunlight fell upon it; his face was grave and pale. "Bar-

bara," he began, with a curious choking in his voice, "I've always—"

She did not seem to hear him. "I did expect you'd speak, John, when father died and I was left all alone here. I can own it now as honestly as if I'd died, too, you see. Something has died in me lately; my heart, perhaps, or the old happy feeling—and there's nothing left but the loneliness and the ache."

A sigh that was almost a groan came from her listener, but he made no attempt to speak.

"I used to think there never were two people any better suited to live together than we were"—for the first time her voice trembled. "We're both plucky and fond of work; a good laugh now and then suits one of us just as well as it does the other; we like books, too, and we're about the only ones in the neighborhood who realize that there can be a little strip of the world outside of what's in sight from Montrose Hill. As to dispositions, I'm quick, I know, but I don't hold my temper; and you—why you haven't any temper to hold."

"I don't know about that," John twirled his straw hat upon his fingers, and made the admission with slow sincerity. "I can be pretty spunky when I get started, but I've always liked you too much for—"

"Oh, well, it does not make any difference now! The end has come at last—both to the wishing and the worrying." She had dried her wet fingers upon her apron and stood erect with tightly-folded arms. "You've let duty, and what you were foolish enough to call disgrace, stand between us like a great iron fence. You've played at being dumb so long that you are almost dumb in reality at last; and I'm nothing but a homely, disagreeable, old cross-patch in these days, whatever I may have been once. I'm going to live in Springfield after this, out of sight of the old home where I used to be so happy. When you go by here on your way to the postoffice perhaps you'll remember the times we've talked together down by the cinnamon rose-bush in the garden, and forgive me for being so hateful to you this last morning. It's almost killed me to blame you, John; but—somehow—I can't help it." Her voice yielded upon the words to a sudden storm of sobs that shook her from head to foot.

The straw hat fell unheeded to the ground. Its owner made two steps to the open door, two more to the kitchen, and clasped her, heedless of resistance, in his arms. His eyes, misty with sympathy and love, sought hers eagerly; his heart beat with strong throbs of tenderness—but his lips shaped only the familiar words, "You know I like you, Barbara! I've always liked you."—The Criterion.

Evolution of the Dinner Hour.

The hour for taking the meal spoken of in the old records as "dinner" has changed from 9 in the morning till about 1 p. m., while the so-called "supper" time shows a similar variation in having shifted from 4 in the afternoon to 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening. Both meals grew proportionately later together, the interval between them being always nearly the same. Dinner at 10 and supper at 4 was the custom under the earlier Tudors, while in the reign of Elizabeth these meals were severally advanced to 11 a. m. and 5 in the afternoon. This relative progression continued, and in the time of Charles II. dinner was taken at 12 or 1 and supper at 7 or 8 o'clock. In the reign of Anne the "dinner" assumed something of its modern significance. Attention began to be concentrated upon it, and supper to play a less important part. The former still continued to get later, and finally supper was pushed over the "edge of the night." With the accession of the House of Brunswick, "dinner" became, in fact, the principal meal of the day. Four o'clock was the Court hour in the earlier part of George III.'s long reign, while during the regency and reign of his successor it crept gradually onward to 6. William IV. left it at 7, and soon after the Queen's accession 8 o'clock was regarded as the "correct" time. The doctors protested, but fashion prevailed. How "the" hour has still contrived to get a little later we all know. What it may be in the twentieth century is a forecast not lightly to be ventured on.—London Globe.

Sample of Boer Humor.

Presumably the Boers who captured an unusually shrewd Kaffir the other day and robbed him, never had heard of Portia's three caskets. Had they been better up in their Shakespeare they might have done better financially. The Kaffir was carrying a cake of soap in his hand, in which he had hidden \$400 in gold. In his pockets was about a dollar and a half in silver. The Boers who captured him gathered in the silver, but scorned the soap, and then let him go with his treasure. Another party of burghers, however, under somewhat similar circumstances, acted not only with acumen, but with positive humor. They, too, captured a Kaffir "runner," who was carrying letters. That was harmless enough, but he also was carrying a copy of Punch. As an act of simple justice, they lashed him to a wheel of one of their wagons and then started off again, while the culprit revolved slowly and ignominiously until the journey was ended. Later, however, he escaped.

Home-Made War Pictures.

A Paris correspondent of the Sheffield (England) Daily Independent states that he has seen men, dressed in military costumes, as Boers and British, maneuvering in a park in the east end of Paris in the interest of a Paris newspaper which thus obtains, by means of photographs, its special pictures of the war "taken on the spot."

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Connecticut Highways.

The first payments are being made from the Connecticut State Treasury to the various towns which have availed themselves of the road improvement law passed by the last Legislature. The essential features of that statute are the payment by the State of three-quarters of the cost of improved roads in towns with a tax list of \$1,000,000 or less and two-thirds of the cost in towns with a tax list of more than \$1,000,000; the State not to spend more than \$175,000 in one year nor more than \$450,000 in any one town annually; the sum of \$600,000 a year for State inspection to come out of the \$175,000; and a proviso by which a town may, with the assent of the State Highway Commission, use the full amount of the appropriation for two years.

The returns at the Highway Commissioner's office show a remarkable success of the new law. Out of 168 towns in the State 115 have this year made applications. Out of the \$350,000 appropriated by the State for two years—or \$338,000, excluding inspection expenses—all but \$30,000 is exhausted by the applications of the 115 towns, which will receive from \$500 to \$4500 each from the State. The law only relates to main roads between towns, and of these it is estimated at the Commissioner's office that on 500 miles improvements have now been completed since State aid began and on several hundred miles more improvements are in progress or immediately projected. During 1899 and 1900, including payments by the towns, the outlay under the law, present and prospective, amounts to about \$433,000. In fifty-three of the 115 towns gravel roads or regrading has been done or is in progress, in some cases preliminary to hardened roads.

Under the various laws passed at recent sessions of the State Legislature, there has been an outlay of about \$800,000 and 138 towns out of 168 in the State have availed themselves of the various State-aid laws. A very encouraging feature of this statute is the large number of small country towns which have begun highway improvement, and the sum of \$30,000 of the State appropriation still left will be given first to the towns not yet applying, and secondly, to the towns which have not asked for more than \$500. The secondary effects of the law in improving roads and awakening communities in the State to the importance of better highways have been very great, not a few towns spending much larger sums than usual outside of the law, and one town spending \$30,000. In regrading roads, also, much money has been spent effectively, and an evil in the old Connecticut highways considerably abated.

There is complaint that some of the towns do not keep the State-aid roads in proper repair, as provided for under the law, and that important branch of the statute remains to be tested. In such cases the law provides that the State can make the repairs and the town must pay for them. The eagerness to take advantage of the existing law for State aid is indicated by the fact that the 115 towns applying all did so within a period of six weeks.

Wide Tires.

Narrow tires are one of the large leaks in farming. In some careful experiments that have been made, it has been demonstrated that on a dry gravel road 2492 pounds could be hauled on tires that were four inches in width, while on the standard tires—one and one-half inches wide—only 2000 pounds could be hauled with the same draft. On hard, dry, smooth dirt roads that were free from dust, the draft necessary to haul 2000 pounds on narrow tires could haul 2530 on broad tires. If the road was covered with two or three inches of dust, there was an advantage in narrow tires. If the roads are muddy and of sticky clay, and firm under the wheels, the narrow tire is better. If the clay road is dry on top the broad tires will carry 2200 pounds with the same draft that will be necessary to haul 2000 pounds on narrow tires. On a drying road of this character, the wide tires particularly show their merit over the narrow tires, for the firmer the road becomes the greater is the difference of draft in favor of the broad tires. That difference is as much as thirty per cent. on the best road. The reason that the narrow tire is better in deep mud is because it has less surface for the mud to cling to.

Good Roads in Illinois.

Chicago is as deeply concerned in the improvement of the country roads as any other community in Illinois. Perhaps in the near future she will be more so, especially if her people contract such a desire for long-distance country jaunts as that which obtains among the people of other cities at home and abroad. It seems difficult for us to realize that one may mount an automobile in Paris and find a smooth and beautiful road all the way to Lyons, Boulogne, Strasburg, Berlin or Vienna. There is scarcely a piece of country in the United Kingdom that cannot be traveled with a bicycle. New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio have done wonders of late years in the way of good road-making. Illinois is younger and has greater difficulties to surmount, owing to the nature of her soil, but by organized and intelligent effort can accomplish the desired results. The State should help out the poorer communities and liberal bounties might be provided for counties making the best showing.—Inter-Ocean.

There are 3,363,720 Christian Endeavorers.



IVORY SOAP PASTE.

In fifteen minutes, with only a cake of Ivory Soap and water, you can make a better cleansing paste than you can buy.

Ivory Soap Paste will take spots from clothing; and will clean carpets, rugs, kid gloves, slippers, patent, enamel, russet leather and canvas shoes, leather belts, painted wood-work and furniture. The special value of Ivory Soap in this form arises from the fact that it can be used with a damp sponge or cloth to cleanse many articles that cannot be washed because they will not stand the free application of water.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.—To one pint of boiling water add one and one-half ounces (one-quarter of the small size cake) of Ivory Soap cut into shavings, boil five minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Remove from the fire and cool in convenient dishes (not tin). It will keep well in an air-tight glass jar.

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Fighting a shark.

A lively experience with a twelve-foot striped shark came to Boatmen Harry Johnson and Bob Barnard, relates the San Francisco Chronicle. They were fishing between Mission Rock and Goat Island when they saw the shark. It followed them persistently, and once when it came boldly up to the boat the boatmen set upon it with oars, stretcher and gaff. A blow from the big brute's tail came near capsizing the Whitehall. Barnard barely escaped being drawn into the sea through sinking the gaff into the body of the shark, which set off at a terrible speed, pulling the boat after him. It was so weak from the blows and from loss of blood that it was finally conquered. In the fight the boatmen broke one oar and a stretcher.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1900.

SEAL A. D. LEBBE, A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A foreign royalty is having a plum pudding made in London which contains a silver easket guarding a diamond and opal brooch worth \$100.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Some of the big battleships require coal to the value of \$10,000 to keep their steam up on a voyage from Portsmouth or Plymouth to Hong Kong.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pilsbury's Cure.—MRS. THOMSON, 293 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

The breweries of Milwaukee and Chicago made during the past year 643,800 barrels of beer at a net profit of \$73,342, against \$102,374 for the previous year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc., a bottle.

Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., is the oldest and the most distinguished of the institutions founded by Northern philanthropy in the South to help the negro race.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Investigating Tonic. Price \$1. Trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

Publishers in Finland lose from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a year due to suppression of books by the government.

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Fertilizers containing at least 8 to 10% of Potash will give best results on all fruits. Write for our pamphlets, which ought to be in every farmer's library.

They are sent free.

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Earthquake a Blessing.

Reelfoot lake is the largest body of water in the state, and it was formed by seismic disturbances in 1811. People who do not live in this section imagine it but a pleasure resort for fishing and hunting parties, and do not know that from its waters at least 100 people gain a livelihood. There are two wholesale fish houses here, and several at Hickman, Ky., that have wagons constantly on the road bringing thousands of pounds of fish daily for shipment. There are 1,500 nets in Reelfoot, worked by some 500 people. Taking all that are connected, directly and indirectly, with fishing and hunting, at least 1,000 people earn a living from the lake.—Nashville Banner.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough. Unexcelled for Consumptives. Give quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 25,000 new customers, and hence offer 14c for the following:

- 1 Pkg. City Garden Seed, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Emerald Cucumber, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Green Market Lettuce, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Strawberry Melon, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Radish, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Peas, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Beans, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Potatoes, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Corn, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Onions, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Cabbage, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Turnips, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Carrots, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Broccoli, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Cauliflower, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Asparagus, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Spinach, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Lettuce, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Cress, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Peas, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Beans, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Potatoes, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Corn, 1c
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- 1 Pkg. Early Cauliflower, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Asparagus, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Spinach, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Lettuce, 1c
- 1 Pkg. Early Cress, 1c

Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents. \$1.00

Above 10 Pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalogue, telling all about MILLER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO and other results of the notice & stamps. We invite you to order, and know when you order you will get the goods you will never do without.

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JOHN A. MILLER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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